The Eaton Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Publisher.

EATON. : : : : OHIO.

OVER THE ORCHARD FENCE.

It 'peared to me I wa'ant no use out in the field to-day,
I, somehow, couldn't swing the scythe nor toss the new-mown hay,
An' so I thought I'd jest sit here among the apple trees,
To rest awhile beneath their shade an' watch the buzzin' bees.

Well, no! Can't say I'm tired, but I somehow wanted rest;
To be away from everything seemed sorter to be best;
For every time I go around where there is human kind,
I kinder hunger after what I know I cannot find.

It's sing'lar how in natur' the sweet apple blossoms fall,
The breeze, it 'pears to know and pick the purtiest of 'em all;
It's only rugged ones, perhaps, can stand agin' the blast—
The frail and delicate are made too beautiful to last.

Why, right here in the orchard, among the oldest there,
I had a nice young apple tree jest startin' out to bear,
An' when the ekinoctial storm comes tearin' 'cross the farm
It tore that up, while to the rest it didn't do no harm.

An' so you've been away a spell? Well, how is things in town?
Dare say it's gettin' close an' hot. To take it up an' down
I like the country best. I'm glad to see you're lookin' spry.
No! Things don't go jest right with me; I scarcely can say why.

O, yes! The crop is lookin' fair, I've no right to complain,
My corn runs well, an' I have got a purty stand of grain;
My hay is almost made, an'— Well, yes! Betsey? She's so so—
She never is as hearty as she ought to be, you know.

The boys? They're in the medder lot down by the old mill race;
As fine a piece of grass ground as I've got upon the place;
It's queer how, when the grass grows up, an' gits to lookin' best,
That then's the time to cut it down. It's so with all the rest

Of things in natur', I suppose. The harvest comes for all
Some day, but I can't understand just why the best fruit fall;
The Lord knows best. He fixes things to suit His own wise laws;
An' yet it's cur'ous oftentimes to figger out the cause.

Mirandy? Yes, she's doin' well; she's helpin' mother now
About the house. A likely girl to bake, or milk a cow,
An'— No! I'm not half the man I were ten year ago;
But then the years will tell upon the best of us, you know.

Another? Yes, our Lizzie were the best one of them all;
Our baby, only seventeen, so sweet, an' fair, an' tall,
Jest like a lily; always good, yet cheerful, bright an' gay—
We laid her in the churchyard, over yonder, yesterday.

That's why I felt I wa'ant no use out in the field to-day,
I somehow couldn't swing the scythe nor toss the new-mown hay;
An' so I thought I'd jest sit here among the trees an' rest;
These things come harder when we're old; but then the Lord knows best.

—*Harry J. Shellman, in Boston Transcript.*

ZARA.

A driving, blinding snow, the sky dark and sullen, a wild wind sweeping over the plains, the mountains quite hidden from view by the storm.

Zara threw more pine logs on the fire, drew together the red chintz curtains at the small window of her "best room," and tried to make things a trifle cosier in the ranch cabin.

"Father will soon be home," she said—she had fallen into the habit of talking to herself out in this lonely country, this "new, far-west." "He will put the sheep in the corral early to-night—it is so stormy."

A small clock on a shelf, which served as a mantel, and which was draped with some simple but pretty chintz, like the curtains, struck four. Zara sighed a little as she heard it. How many times had she listened to that same silvery chime—it was a pretty little French clock—in happier days in the dear East! Its musical sound recalled so much!—brought back the pretty, old-fashioned New England home so plainly. Zara could almost smell the great creamery roses that climbed over the front porch. She could see the tasteful little home-parlor, so different from the meagrely-furnished room she now sat in, with its poor little attempts at cheerfulness. She could fancy herself, as of old, sitting before her sweet-toned piano, singing all the "old tunes" she could call to mind "to please father;" or she could picture the long, happy summer days spent under the large maples in the garden, lying idly in a hammock, drinking in the sweet air, and dreaming as girls will dream.

How her dreams had turned out! When her father came to her one fall day and said very gravely: "Zara, I have lost money. This place must be sold. I shall go West," her heart had leaped with foolish joy. She had dreamed so often of the West; she knew it was a paradise, so free and wild. "Roughing it," would be so very pleasant! Had she not read in books about it? So she had only smiled at her father's grave face and exclaimed: "I am so glad we are going West. We shall make our fortune there, I know."

She was younger then—barely seventeen. She was twenty-two now—had been "roughing it" five years. She was wiser.

The lovely New England home had been sold, all debts paid—for Zara Josslyn's father was strictly honorable—and father and daughter had sought the West—the great, undeveloped Territory of Montana. Mr. Josslyn's remaining capital, which was not large, had been invested in sheep.

"We shall have to be content to wait, Zara, child, while our little flock grows," Mr. Josslyn had said, and at the same time had cast a rueful glance around the small log-house they were to call "home" for the years to come. But Zara was young and hopeful.

"We shall be rich before we know it," she had cried, gayly, and went on tacking muslin on the cabin walls, in lieu of plastering.

The years came and went—the little flock of sheep grew larger and money came in a little more plentifully; but Mr. Josslyn had not made "a fortune" yet, and life on a ranch was not easy. Zara pined, secretly, for the East. She hated these desolate plains, the barren "foot-hills," the deeply-furrowed, snowy mountains, so different from the wooded New England hills! The sun blinded her—it shone in such a glaring way—and she missed the trees! The few "cotton-wood" trees she detested; she longed for maples, elms, oaks. "I want real trees or none!" she would say. A few vines, in summer, were trained about the cabin-door and windows, and some wild, pale, pink sweetbrier roses grew near the house. But Zara had not the heart to cultivate flowers; besides, her time was well taken up in other ways. Her days, though monotonous, were busy ones. She did not dream often now, unless of the past, and life was wholly practical to her.

Again the little gilt clock chimed—this time, five.

"I wonder father does not come!" exclaimed Zara, rising from a low foot-bench by the fire, where she had been sitting thinking for the last hour. She went to the window, and parting the curtains vainly tried to peer through the darkness. The wind moaned and wailed, the snow blew against the window-pane. Zara shivered and drew back. As she did so she caught the sound of voices. Lamp in hand she hurried to the door.

"Go right in," she heard her father say; "don't wait for me. Just tell her you are from the East—that will be sufficient recommendation!"

Then Sara saw her father turn toward the barn leading another horse beside his own, and a tall man, well muffled, came striding up the path from the gateway.

"May I come in?" asked the stranger, pausing for a moment at the door and raising a fur cap.

"Certainly," replied Zara, and retreated into the warm, fire-lit room.

The tall man followed, and quickly divesting himself of his snow-covered outer wrappings, drew near the blazing fire.

"My name is Storey—William Storey," he said, smiling, "and your father advises me to tell you that I am from the East."

Zara smiled also. "Father knows how glad I am always to see any one from home," she said.

"I have been in Montana, however, all this fall," Mr. Storey went on to say, "and I come here nearly every fall to hunt. Montana is good hunting ground. But I have lingered a little too long among the Rockies this time; winter has overtaken me!"

"It is our first real snow storm, but it makes one feel it ought to be January instead of only November!" Zara said, with a sigh, as a gust of wind beat wildly against the ranch cabin.

"You do not like the West?" asked her companion, glancing up at the young girl's somewhat sad face.

She was leaning against the mantel-shelf, unconsciously watching William Storey as he warmed his chilled hands before the blaze.

"No; I thought I should like it, but it is very disappointing." Then suddenly, her face kindling: "Have you ever been in Maine? Have you ever passed through a little town called Laurel?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, to both questions," replied Storey, again smiling. "I stopped over night once at Laurel, on my way to Mount Desert one summer. It is a lovely little nook."

"O, is it not!" cried the young girl, with almost a quiver in her voice. "I lived there once. I was so happy there!"

"Shall you not return there some time?" asked Storey, pityingly, not knowing what else to say.

"We hope to; but we can set no definite time for our return. It all depends on the sheep," said Zara, naively.

As she spoke her father threw open the front door and came in, well whitened by the storm.

Zara hastened to help him off with his great, shaggy, buffalo-skin coat, and then drew another chair to the fire for him.

Almost her first words were: "Father, Mr. Storey has been to Laurel!"

Mr. Josslyn laughed.

"You couldn't have been to a better place, according to this foolish child," he said, addressing his guest.

Then Zara slipped away, leaving the two men to enjoy the crackling pine logs, while she prepared something hot for supper.

"Well," observed Mr. Josslyn, after his daughter had gone, "you were about lost—completely lost!—when I come up with you!" And he gave an amused glance at his companion, as though being lost was rather a comical situation.

"I should think so!" exclaimed Story. "If you had not come along just then I should most likely have spent the night on the plains. I could not see which way to turn—in fact, I could not see any trail—the storm was so blinding! It was worse than folly, my leaving Bozeman for a ride on such an afternoon. I might have known it would storm! But it only threatened when I set out."

"Are you acquainted much with the country about here?" asked Mr. Josslyn.

"I ought to be," said Storey, smiling; "I hunt in these parts every fall."

"You don't say so! Come way to Montana to hunt! You must be very fond of the sport!"

"Very. Montana is a good country for hunting, too. I guess that's all Miss Josslyn would admit it was good for," added the young man, again smiling, as he recalled Zara's pensive young face.

"She hates it; I can see that," Mr. Josslyn said, in a confidential tone; "but she knows we have got to stay here for the present, anyway; so she makes the best of it. Our ranch is not very comfortable—not as comfortable as I could wish for Zara's sake; but we are trying to get away from this wilderness, so lay by all we make. I'm sorry I haven't better shelter to offer you, after urging you to come home with me, though," he added.

"I am very grateful for your hospitality," Storey hastened to say. "I am more thankful to you for taking me in at all, and I have spent many a night on ranches far less comfortable than this one."

Then Zara appeared and said simply: "We use our kitcnen for a dining-room. Will you come to supper, please?"

Storey rose immediately, and with his host followed the young girl into a low-ceiled but exquisitely neat room.

Zara presided at the head of the small round dining-table, and poured fragrant coffee into quaint, real china cups.

"These came from home," she said, proudly, as she handed William Storey one of the dainty blue and white treasures.

The evening was spent in pleasant chatting, and passed so delightfully to the young girl that she fairly stared at the little clock when it struck eleven.

A bed was made up in the "best room," as Mr. Josslyn's cramped shed-bed-room, opening, as Zara's did, out of the kitchen, was not deemed sufficiently comfortable for the guest. And when William Storey fell asleep that night he dreamed of the little red-curtained room in which he lay, and saw Zara's pretty, girlish face with the fire-glow upon it, just as he had seen it when awake.

The next morning the sun shone brightly, but all about the ranch lay the snow in gleaming white drifts.

"You had better remain with us to-day," said Mr. Josslyn after breakfast, glancing out the window as he spoke.

"I should like to," said Storey, "but I think I ought to go back to Bozeman. My room-mate (another Eastern man, Miss Josslyn) will be looking for me. If you will let me, I will ride out in a day or two and see you again, for next week I go home."

Zara gave a little longing sigh at his last words. He was going home. How she wished she could go!

Later she stood with her father in the doorway and watched their guest depart. The sunlight fell full upon her wistful young face, and Storey thought how very pretty she was as he rode away.

In a few days he returned, as he had said he would. Zara received him with evident pleasure.

"Father has gone to look after the sheep," she said, "but he will be home to dinner. He will be very glad to see you, I know."

Storey sat down on the rude, home-made lounge, and Zara took her favorite seat, the foot-bench by the fire.

"I go home to-morrow," said Storey—"go home, I mean, to your dear East," smilingly.

"So soon!" cried the young girl.

"I am coming back next fall—for another hunt. May I come and see you then?"

"You will never come," said Zara, simply.

"I will never come! Why?" asked the young man, in surprise.

"You will forget all about us in that time—a whole year from now."

"Suppose I don't forget, will you be glad to see me when I come?" inquired Storey with sudden eagerness, and leaning toward Zara so as to get a better view of her half-averted face.

"Yes, I shall be glad to see you."

The answer sounded a little cold, but Storey was not dissatisfied, somehow.

"Then I shall surely come," he said. Presently he went on: "You don't know how I appreciate your taking me in the other night. I shall always remember your kindness."

"Please don't say any more about it," said Zara, quickly, "for your coming gave us much pleasure. You did not seem like a stranger to us. Father said he felt as though he had always known you. I suppose your coming from the East had something to do with it."

"Haven't you met Eastern people in Bozeman?" asked Storey.

"O yes—several. But the majority of people we have found in Montana seem to be from Missouri. I don't call that East, although they call it so here!" a little contemptuously.

Storey laughed. "Have you ever noticed how all the Missouri people seem to think they have made this Territory?" he inquired. "But for them Montana never would have been inhabited!"

"They are welcome to this glorious country, they and—the Indian!" she exclaimed.

It was late in the day—not until after dinner, some time, that the young man took his departure. He rode away with no little reluctance, and Zara lingered long in the doorway watching him.

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The short Montana summer was barely over—the cotton-wood trees were still yellow—and the air was yet quite warm and pleasant, when one afternoon, toward sunset, Zara looked up from her sewing and saw a tall, handsome man coming towards the house on horseback.

"Miss Josslyn!" cried a well-remembered voice.

Zara rose, trembling a little, from the door-steps where she had been sitting. She wore quite a joyous expression. Storey thought, secretly pleased, as he left his horse to graze by the gate and hastened toward the young girl.

"Are you glad to see me?" he inquired eagerly, taking Zara's hand.

"You know I am glad!" she exclaimed, her face flushing under his earnest gaze. "Father and I have talked of you so often," she went on; "you know our life is so quiet and monotonous here, that your coming to us last fall was quite an event."

"I am very glad. My coming to you was quite an event to me, I assue you. In all my ramblings since I left you—during the gay season at the sea-side this summer, even—I could not get this lonely little ranch out of head, somehow. Your wistful face haunted me—indeed it did! I grew unreasonably impatient to see—well, Montana again. I tried to reason with myself: you had forgotten me, most likely, I thought but in vain! I pictured you about your every-day life—could see the shadow deepening in your eyes—and one day I cried aloud: 'It is a shame for so young a creature to be buried!' And a few hours later I was on the train, bound for Montana!"

William Storey had spoken with no little eagerness and excitement, and as Zara sat beside him on the steps and listened, her cheeks had grown a deeper crimson.

She did not speak at first when he had finished, but continued looking off, across the plains at the fast sinking sun.

At length she said, her voice a little unsteady:

"I am so glad you did come back."

"Zara!" cried her companion, impetuously, "I came back to tell you I love you! I think I must have loved you before I left you last fall, but I had always scorned the very idea, even of love at first sight, and I had only met you twice. But when once away from you—separated from you, with thousands of miles between us—I became impatient to see you. Your "dear East" had no charm for me. I longed for your lonely ranch; I reasoned with myself many times but it was of no use—I realized that I loved you; I was foolish enough, Zara, to think I could teach you to love me."

The sun had quite gone now, the mountains shone darkly purple against the clear amber of the sky, the air was fresh and just a little chill. Zara shivered; from excitement, though, more than cold.

"Have you nothing to say to me? Is my case then so hopeless a one?" asked William Storey, taking one of the young girl's hands in his and looking gravely in her face.

"Will you not be sorry some day for this! Are you quite sure it is love, not pity, you feel for me? Zara ventured, tremulously.

"I shall never be sorry—I love you! Pity would not cause me to ask you to be my wife. All I want to make me as perfectly happy as one can be in this world is your love. Can you—will you—learn to love me. Zara?"

"I *do* love you!"

The sunset glow faded; the stars gleamed out; a great, yellow moon rose over the eastern hills, and flooded the valley with a brilliant light.

When Mr. Josslyn returned home he was considerably surprised. There was no supper ready; the fire in the "best room" was not lit, as it was wont to be these cool fall evenings; the front door stood wide open, and Zara—usually prudent Zara—was sitting on the steps, bare-headed, utterly regardless of the night air, talking very earnestly to William Storey!

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Only one short year, yet what a change it had made in Zara's young life! No longer, when she looked from her window, did she see desolate, bleak, sage-grown plains, belted by snow-crowned mountains. A most lovely flower-garden, framed in by meadow-lands, yellow with golden rod, through which ran a clear little brook, and bounded by blue, wooded hills in the distance, met her delighted eye.

How very happy she was!

Almost a year had she been William Storey's wife; almost a year since the quiet little wedding at Bozeman had taken place, and she had left the great Territory—the wild "new far-West"—forever. She was in Laurel now, in her old home, bought for her by her husband shortly after their arrival East.

She had been welcomed cordially by William Storey's people and has spent many pleasant weeks with them in the quaint gray-stone homestead on the Hudson.

But in Laurel she was the happiest. She did not care to leave it even for a day. For hours she would lie in the hammock simply gazing up at the maples and elms above her, so thankful to see trees once more.

William Storey was inexpressibly touched by her childish joy over things that he had hardly given a thought to during his entire lifetime. Through her he learned to notice much that was beautiful which had hitherto been unheeded.

Soon Zara's father was coming to her; that was another pleasure in store for her. The sheep—quite a numerous flock now—were to be left with a competent herder, Mr. Josslyn having everything arranged to his satisfaction.

The fortune predicted by Zara in her girlish enthusiasm had not quite been realized as yet, but Mr. Josslyn was by no means a poor man any longer and was heard often to assert triumphantly, that "a sheep ranch is certainly a paying investment if well managed!"—*The Continent.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A man traveled hastily from San Francisco to Omaha, on hearing that he had been "remembered" in his father's will, and the report proved true, but the sum of the bequest was one dollar.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Statistics show that the growth of timber in Kansas is yearly increasing beyond the consumption. It was feared at the first settling of the State that the timber would disappear in a few years.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Munk Murphy, a brakeman, with a claim to eccentricity, has established it by riding into Boston coiled up on the truck under a car, to win a bet that he could not steal a passage. Lacking a flag to wave in token of victory, he took off his shirt and flung it to the breeze.—*Boston Post.*

—A girl of Southington, Conn., was discarded by her affianced husband. Her cousin handed her a bottle of liquid, telling her to throw it into the false one's face to "make him smart a little." It was vitriol, which destroyed his eyesight and horribly disfigured him.—*Hartford Post.*

—Iroquois, the Derby winner, and his colored groom slept in the same stall on the steamer which brought them home from England. The uneasiness of the race-horse during stormy weather was allayed by the presence of his sable friend.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—George Geddes says that the proper time to apply plaster to clover is after the plants have made some growth, say after the wheat harvest on clover sown in the spring. He thinks the plaster acts directly on the leaf on which it is sprinkled.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—There is one thing at Niagara for which no charge is made, and that is the nightly illumination at the Falls, which is one of the most fairy-like and beautiful scenes that can be imagined. It breaks the hearts of Niagara people to think the illumination cannot be "fenced in."—*Buffalo Express.*

—A curious change has taken place in England in the manner of selling real estate and pictures. Formerly the favorite method of selling real estate was by auction; now it is by private negotiation, and the auctioneers have become brokers. Private picture dealers find their occupation gone, auctions having usurped the business. The latter change is explained by the fact that buyers like to see their names in print.

—Two of the cottage-owners at Long Branch have built a protection to their property, which is situated on the low bluff, by building a solid wall, defying the heaviest winter storm. It is made of articial stone, and reaches deep into the ground, while its top is floored for a promenade, with a slope of green sward behind. Wooden devices have all failed to withstand the tremendous force of the waves, and heretofore, without State aid, no property-owner has taken the work in hand on his own account.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—In a railroad station at Birmingham, England, a runaway daughter was captured by her mother, just as she and a young married man, with whom she had designed to elope to America, had got into the train. Catching sight of the object of her search, the mother rushed at the eloping girl, and, shouting repeatedly: "O, you wicked hussy," laid hold of her, and threatened to give her into custody if she did not go home. The only reply she got was "Fiddlesticks," but when a policeman was fetched the girl consented to return.

—A North Carolina girl had her hand completely severed from the arm by an ax. The physician, not being in a condition to amputate the arm above the wrist, replaced the hand, secured it with silver stitches and adhesive plaster and having bound both arm and hand to a broad splint, ordered them to be kept warm with hot flannel cloth. The third day pulsation could be plainly felt in the hand, which had also changed its color. Says the physician in charge: "I removed the sutures on the fourteenth day, and afterward she carried the hand in a sling, and is now—three months after the accident—able to extend the fingers and grasp with nearly the usual strength."—*Philadelphia Record.*

The English Donkey and His Master.

It is now seven years since Lord Shaftesbury with a heart of compassion for the humblest of God's creatures, took a leading part in the seemingly almost hopeless task of making more endurable the existence of that patient little beast of burden, the ass. The difficulties with which the good intent were beset were formidable. In the first place, the animals in question were for the most part in the possession of a class of persons on whom sentimental appeal would certainly be wasted. The London barrowman of the period was, it should be borne in mind, a very different individual from the barrowman of the present day. His bringing up from earliest childhood was not of a kind calculated to implant in his bosom generous consideration for brute creation. A "chip of the old block," he had but little experience in the doctrine that "persuasion is better than force." His father ruled his household by fist-law. When his children offended him they were made to knuckle under literally, and any disagreement between himself and the partner of his joys and sorrows was settled in the same summary manner. His treatment of the animal on which he so largely depended to assist him in his business was of a similar character, nor can it be said that he was instigated by cruelty or malice. It was the fixed conviction of the costermonger of twenty years ago that the only way to secure domestic harmony and keep his wife and children in respective awe of him was to administer to them an occasional "licking," and his argument was that what was good for a woman could not be bad for a donkey."

He was further of the opinion that strong doses of his approved corrective were better than to administer the physic in a diluted form and at lengthy intervals. Consequently, he never accompanied the poor beast tackled to his barrow-shafts without carrying with him a weapon suitable for the purpose, and which commonly took the shape of a stout ash sapling or the brass-bound handle of an old carthorse whip, and which, as occasion required, he applied with an amount of muscular exertion according to his belief in the toughness of ass hide. The prevalent idea was that such was the creature's insensibility to flogging that unless its ribs were kept well developed it was a mere waste of stick to peg away at it; and here came in the food question. The natural result of a too generous diet would be to overlay the animal's most vulnerable parts with a shield of fat that would make it more defiant than ever of chastisement. To obviate such an undesired consummation there was but one course—to regulate its rations and keep it high in bone, so that its body, between the hips and shoulders, resembled a hooped barrel. Vegetable refuse, chopped straw, anything that served to keep life in the poor beast, was thought food good enough for it. Indeed, a familiar saying among the costermonger fraternity in expressing a strong opinion as to any act of needless extravagance was that it was "like giving a donkey oats." Ill-treated, miserably stabled, half-starved, it was not to be wondered at if the animal's better nature became deteriorated, and if it at times, despairing of gaining its master's good-will and confidence by exemplary behavior, it sought satisfaction in being willfully wrong-headed and stubborn.—*London Telegraph.*

Feeding Hogs in Summer.

Various methods of keeping and feeding hogs during the warmer months of the year are practiced in different parts of the country. In the New England and Middle States the practice of keeping them in close styes with which somewhat small yards are attached is general. The farms are commonly small, and one object in keeping hogs is to make manure for hauling upon the fields. More manure can be made by keeping the hogs in a small inclosure than by allowing them a wide range. The feed of the hogs kept in partial confinement consists of sour and skimmed milk, kitchen slops, mill-stuffs, vegetables and weeds and grass, which are brought to the pens. This method of keeping hogs requires considerable work, and is not suited to farms where large numbers are kept. It has several advantages, however. The food is utilized to the best advantage. A large amount of excellent manure is made if the yard is kept supplied with muck, old hay and straw, and other kinds of vegetable refuse. In most of the Southern States the method of keeping hogs generally practiced differs from this as far as possible. The hogs are allowed to range at will over any of the land that is not inclosed. They frequent the public roads, often to the great annoyance of the people who do not keep hogs. They range the woods and dispute with wild animals for the fruits, nuts, and other kinds of food that both devour. They run in pastures with horses, mules, cattle and sheep. When the weather is hot they seek the shade of trees and wallow in the mud of creeks. Their living is cheap, but their gain is not rapid. They keep healthy, however, and the flesh produced is of superior quality. It is delicious, as it has the flavor of wild meat.

In the Northwestern States hogs on the smaller farms are generally kept in partial confinement during the summer, much as they are in the East. On large farms, however, they are generally kept in pasture. The pastures most in favor are those seeded with common or mammoth red clover. Rings are generally inserted into the noses of the hogs to prevent them from rooting up the sod. One acre in rank clover will keep five medium-sized hogs during the time it is growing well. The clover pasture intended for hogs should be well supplied with shade for protecting the hogs from the heat of the sun during very hot weather. The cheapest and most inviting shade is afforded by trees. On new places, on the prairies where there are no trees, shade may be secured in a comparatively short time by planting vines and allowing them to run over supporters so as to form a sort of roof. The common Virginia creeper and the wild grape vines are excellent for this purpose. Sheds for protecting hogs from the sun may be cheaply built by using cedar posts and scantling for supports and covering the top with straw or wild hay. The hog pasture should also be well supplied with water. A spring will afford the best water, and it is desirable to conduct a portion of it into troughs and to allow the remainder to escape and fill pools. The great objections to clover hog pastures are the amount of somewhat costly fence required and the frequent renewal of clover, which "runs out" ordinarily in the course of two years. Many now recommend orchard grass or blue-grass instead of clover for seeding land intended for pasturing hogs. There is another difficulty connected with keeping hogs in a pasture and relying on grass or clover alone for feed. The season is often unfavorable—either too wet or too dry. If grain is fed in a pasture hogs are likely to give up feeding on grass or clover.

A method of soiling or partial soiling hogs during the summer months has been introduced in several parts of the country with most excellent results. The hogs are kept in an inclosure of a size proportionate to the number of animals, which is supplied with water and suitable protections from the sun and storms. The food is placed in troughs of quite large capacity. It consists principally of green food of all descriptions. Clover, tender grass, especially orchard grass, fodder corn, rye and pea-vines are principally relied on for food. They are grown near the inclosure where the hogs are kept, so as to save labor in removing them. They are cut with a hand-scythe unless the number of hogs be large, when a mowing-machine may be employed for cutting them. They are taken to the feeding-yard before they are wilted, on a sled or low wagon, and thrown into the feeding-troughs. In the opinion of some it pays well to run them through a common straw or ensilage cutter before feeding them. They would also mix some corn meal, bran, mill-stuffs, or linseed meal with them. A food of this kind is relished by hogs of all ages and contains all the elements of nutrition. It is certainly very cheap. When green fodder is fed in this manner there is very little waste. Only enough is fed at any one time to allow its being all consumed. It is stated by those who have given this method of keeping hogs a faithful trial, that as many can be kept on the product of one acre of land as on four that are devoted to pasturing. There is a great saving in the amount of fence required, and the manure can be utilized to much better advantage. By adopting this method of feeding, a daily supply of food may be insured, even if the season is unfavorable. If one kind of vegetation is not doing well another will be likely to be growing thriftily.—*Chicago Times.*

Reptiles in Disguise.

Everybody is fond of birds, but it is possible that some people might like them less if they believed them to be only reptiles in disguise. Now, Sir John Lubbock, addressing the British Association in 1881, said: "It seems to be generally admitted that birds have come down to us through the Dinosaurians (Wonder-lizards); and, as Huxley has shown, the profound break once supposed to exist between birds and reptiles has been bridged over by the discovery of reptilian birds and bird-like reptiles—so that, in fact, birds are modified reptiles." Popular likes and dislikes are no disproof of relationship. Birds with teeth and reptiles with feathers have been cited in evidence, although, indeed, they are very like "Cuckoo, cuckoo, welcome bird, seldom seen, but often heard" of. Birds and reptiles are alike reproduced from eggs; their blood corpuscles are equally oval, and not round, as in mammal animals. Both, apparently, swallow their food without tasting it. Possibly the stomach may be, with them, the seat of taste, as it often is with us when we have taken physic or eaten stale fish or too much sage and onion stuffing with duck. Both are musical. Serpents are fond of melody, though they cannot make it. Batrachians as well as bipeds have their grand united choral societies. American bullfrog concerts are celebrated as well as numerously attended. The song of thrushes and the wailing of nightingales may, therefore, be only developments of the green European tree-frog's resonant croak, effected, as with birds, by inflated expansions of the throat, very curious to witness. Froggy looks as proud as his predecessor in the fable, and one wonders that he does not, like him, burst. Feathers may be only a modification of scales. The so-called feathers of butterflies are really scales, whence their name Lepidoptera.—*London Society.*

—Trained dogs play an important part in the capture of criminals who escape from Texas jails.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—If the poulterer feeds too many onions the eggs will taste of them. Feed moderately, chopped up raw, nothing is better for laying fowls.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Do not feed animals that pasture in orchards late at night or early in the morning, in order to encourage them to make early forays for fallen fruit. By destroying wormy specimens they are of great benefit to the orchards.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A writer in the *Country Gentleman* states that he has positively driven bugs away from his vines by putting a gallon of clean sand around every vine. Where sand can be obtained this is a very convenient protection against a very bad enemy, and a single trial may satisfy any one whether it is effectual.

—For boiled apple dumplings, pare and take out the cores of the apples without dividing them; sweeten and roll each apple in a piece of crust made to taste; be particular that the paste is nicely joined. Put the dumplings into floured cloths, tie them securely and put them into boiling water. Keep them boiling from one-half to three-quarters of an hour, remove the cloths and send them hot and quickly to table.—*Exchange.*

—To amuse a child take a piece of board, draw out any figures upon it that your skill will allow, and place the letters of the name of the object over it. Give the child a small hammer and a paper of diminutive tacks, and let him proceed to make the various figures and letters with the tacks. I have had a child amuse himself over an hour in this way, and it was laughable to see the little fellow look at his work.—*The Household.*

—A correspondent writes: It may not be generally known that a piece of rock salt, dissolved in the mouth and swallowed at intervals through the day, is a reliable remedy for common diarrhœa and summer complaints, when taken seasonably. For dysentery, add finely pulverized charcoal and West India molasses—meantime, we should say, sending for the doctor and following his advice when he comes.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—A good supply of fall and winter cabbage comes in so well on a farm and is so easily kept for use during the winter that there is no good reason why a large supply should not be raised on every farm. The requisite is good seed. There are so many varieties that it would be hard to tell which is best. Cabbage, to do well, require a nice, deep, loamy soil, easily worked, and should, to have the best results, be well manured. Cabbage will head on good rich land—what we would call good corn land—but not so well as if a good dressing of well rotted manure is applied.

Management of Sheep in Summer.

An important point is certainly gained when the stock-master has provided well drained and nutritious grass ranges for his flocks. But there are other considerations to claim attention.

The proper stocking of pastures is a matter to be looked after. The extremes of overstocking and understocking must be avoided for best results. Overstocking, the more frequent error, causes a scarcity of pasture and a deficient supply of nutriment. The sheep also take up sand and earth into their stomachs with their food, and this causes disease. On the other hand, when the pasture is not close-cropped, the herbage becomes hard and more or less indigestible, so that sheep do not thrive upon it. There is an old adage, familiar to many shepherds, that "twenty-four hours' pasture is best for sheep and eight days' grass for an ox." In a word, the close bite of sheep should be furnished with close herbage, the tender growth of thick, short pasturage. Pastures not closely cropped ought to be either mowed or pastured down by cattle before the sheep are turned on it.

It pays, as a rule, to divide the flocks, pasturing the younger and less vigorous animals together; in a word, sorting lambs and yearlings from mothers and older ewes, and giving the former the best pasturage.

When the range is limited or the pasture is not ample, additional food should be supplied in way of corn, oats, bran or oatmeal. The day the pastures begin to fail, if provision is not made for sufficient nutriment, the quality of the wool will begin to deteriorate and what is known as "break in the wool" will be the result. Care must also be exercised when extra food is supplied to proportion it to the real need of the sheep. An over supply will result in an equal disadvantage, especially when there is overfeed one day, and little or nothing next day. For evenness in the fleece, sheep must be fed regularly—that is to say, they must from pasture, range or feeding trough obtain a due amount of nourishment daily. There is no question but that irregular feeding not only affects the health and flesh of the animal but diminishes the growth and weight of fleece and weakens its fibre.

When pasture is insufficient, an economical plan is to supplement it by sowed green crops to be fed on the ground or cut and fed in racks. Roots are also largely cultivated for this purpose.

A very important item is the supply of water. Of course, when nature provides living springs or clear, flowing streams, these are the best source of supply. Stagnant water is decidedly objectionable. Most shepherds give the preference to hard water over soft water, when either can be had, on the score that the former contains mineral matter. Waters containing a goodly percentage of lime, soda, magnesia, iron, sulphur, etc., are a positive source of nourishment to sheep. A deficiency in mineral matter may be obviated by giving the sheep an occasional mixture of common salt, sulphur, phosphate of lime, bone dust, etc. A common source of disease among sheep is pond or marsh water and water lying in the hollows of undrained pastures.

The exposure of a pasture also has its effect upon sheep. Pastures near the seacoast exposed to moist sea-breezes render the wool harsh. Sheep exposed to north winds are lighter in weight and less healthy than flocks on a southern exposure. Long-continued winds are productive not only of discomfort but sickness in a flock.—*N. Y. World.*

Editorial Chances.

Speaking of journalism one is led to refer briefly to the chances offered in this city. Every college Commencement brings a nest of graduates to this city with the expectation of obtaining a position on some journal. Alas! to think of the disappointment which so inevitably follows. There are those, however, who obtain an opportunity to "work on space," as it is termed. This simply means that they may contribute interesting matter and receive their pay whenever it is published, according to the space occupied. The rate on the *Tribune* is six dollars per column. Space offerings are generally "cut down" by the managing editor to a degree that yields but little encouragement. One of this class informed me that he hardly made five dollars per week during the first year, but it eventually led to a berth as reporter at twenty dollars per week. There are few who can afford to wait so long before getting a chance to make a living. It may be said as a general conclusion that the profession offers but little inducement to beginners, there being a pressure to obtain even the humblest position.—*N. Y. Cor. Troy Times.*

—A report that there are no State lands for sale in Florida is contradicted. It appears that there are from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 acres of swamp lands subject to sale to actual settlers. These lands have been granted to railroads, but until the law granting them has been complied with by the companies they are still for sale.

Hard Lumps in Breast.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I wrote you some time ago that I thought I had a cancer. There was a large lump in my breast as large as a walnut, and had been there four months. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," "Favorite Prescription" and "Pellets" in June, and the lump is gone.

Yours gratefully, Mrs. R. R. Clark, Irvington, Mich.

"Safe blowing" is looming up as a business. It has always been a phase of human nature to indulge in blowing from a safe standpoint.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

No Trouble to Swallow

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" (the original "little liver pills") and no pain or griping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanse the system and bowels. 25c a vial.

A fashion item announces that ladies are wearing V-shaped bodices. A V-shaped bodice spoils an X-shaped note.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Became Sound and Well."

R. V. Pierce, M. D.: *Dear Sir*—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good. Yours truly, Thomas J. Methvin, Hatcher's Station, Ga.

If a man can not cut the grass in front of his house he might as well be no mower.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Paralytic strokes, heart disease, and kidney affections, prevented by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

There is said to be a jolly old dog—a setter—in London, who is nearly eighty years old. He is a type setter.

Anamosa, Iowa.—Dr. J. G. McGuire says: "I know Brown's Iron Bitters is a good tonic and gives general satisfaction."

One of the best stops for a hand-organ is a pewter dime.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Hay-Fever. One and one-half bottles of Ely's Cream Balm entirely cured me of Hay-Fever of ten years' standing. Have had no trace of it for two years. Albert A. Perry, Smithboro, N. Y. Price 50 cents

What is the difference between costumers and customers?—O U know. "Hot love soon runs cold."—That's owing to the sighs of it.—*Boston Traveller.*

Wadley, Ga.—Dr. B. R. Doyle says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters superior as a tonic to any preparation now in use."

An enterprising reporter, writing of a wreck at sea, stated that no less than fourteen of the unfortunate crew and passengers bit the dust.

Hay-Fever. I was severely afflicted with Hay-Fever for 25 years. I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and the effect was marvelous. It is a perfect cure. Wm. T. Carr, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N.J. Price 50 cts.

He said her hair was dyed; and when she indignantly said: "'Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

"Buchu-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. $1.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. John D. Park & Sons, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. Crittenton, New York.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

No specific for skin ailments can cope with it. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

"Rough on Rats" Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

The Monarch Lightning Potato Digger stands without a rival. Every farmer should have it. Read advertisement elsewhere in this paper.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

Get Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners for those new boots or shoes before you run them over.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, August 6, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@ 3 25
Choice butchers	4 40	@ 5 00
HOGS—Common	4 40	@ 5 00
Good packers	5 00	@ 5 35
SHEEP	4 25	@ 5 00
FLOUR—Family	4 40	@ 4 70
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 10	@ 1 11
No. 2 winter red	1 06	@ 1 07
Corn—No. 2 mixed	49	@ 49½
Oats—No. 2 mixed	28	@ 29½
Rye—No. 2	55	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 00	@11 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	15 25	@15 50
Lard—Steam	8-30	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	30	@ 32
Prime Creamery	18	@ 20
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 10	@ 1 25
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 00	@ 2 25
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 40	@ 4 00
Good to choice	4 50	@ 6 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 15¼	@
No. 1 white	1 15¼	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	61	@
Oats—mixed	38	@ 41
PORK—Mess	15 62½	@
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 07	@
Corn—No. 2	51¼	@ 51⅛
Oats—No. 2	28	@ 28¼
Rye	58	@
PORK—Mess	13 05	@13 10
LARD—Steam	8-37½	@ 8-50
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 13⅞	@ 1 14⅛
Corn—mixed	59½	@ 61
Oats—mixed	39	@ 41
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	16 50	@
Lard—Refined	10⅛	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	$4 25	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 02	@
Corn—mixed	51	@
Oats—mixed	30	@
PORK—MESS	15 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 04	@
CORN—mixed	49	@
OATS—mixed	28	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 50